

The Mirror

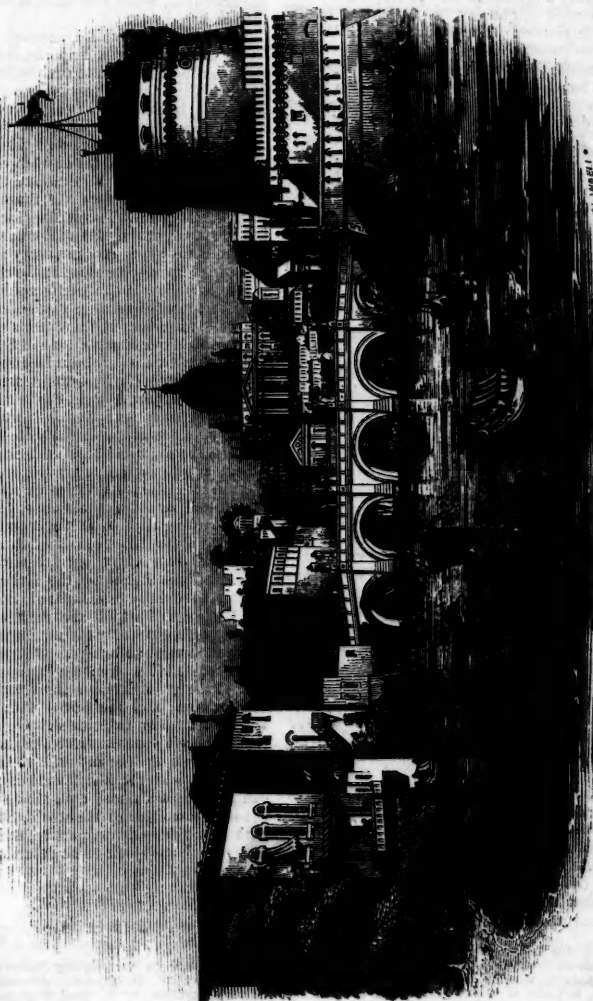
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1060.]

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1841.

[Price 2d.]



PICTORIAL MODEL OF ROME,
AT "THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS."

COLOSSAL MODEL OF ROME.

ABOUT four years since, the indefatigable proprietor of "the Surrey Zoological Gardens" provided for his summer visitors a pictorial novelty of very striking character—viz., an *al-fresco* painting of *Mount Vesuvius*, with the town and fort of Posilipo at its base; the ornamental lake of the Gardens forming a miniature Bay of Naples, or, as a Patlander might say, a *foreground* to the whole picture. The artist was Mr. Danson, whose success, in this instance, induced him to relinquish scene painting for theatres, and henceforth to devote his talents to the execution of pictorial or scenic models for out-door exhibition. In the spring of 1839, Mr. Danson completed for the above establishment, in this branch of art, a representation of *Iceland and its Volcanoes*, with Hecla for the nucleus, and the Garden-lake for the North Atlantic Ocean; this picture taking the place of Vesuvius, upon its attraction being, technically speaking, extinct. Both these paintings have been engraved and minutely described in *The Mirror*, more especially that of Vesuvius, in Nos. 849 and 850, where the description occupies twelve columns. The Iceland picture is more briefly noticed in a succeeding No.; but, in the *Literary World*, No. 9, we availed ourselves of the opportunity of describing this picture to the same extent that we had previously detailed the Vesuvius.

The great success of these "representations" (particularly when accompanied with pyrotechnic imitations of the volcanoes) has encouraged the proprietor of the Gardens to produce a novelty of the same class, but of much greater extent, for the present season—viz., "*A Colossal Pictorial Model of Ancient and Modern Rome*," which has occupied Mr. Danson and his assistants for several months past. The whole is stated to occupy a space of five acres, and a surface of 260,000 square feet; an extent considerably larger than that of either of the preceding pictures. It is, indeed, a stupendous set scene, (such as Mr. Bunn would take a broadside to detail;) the flats are so skillfully painted as to be scarcely discernible from the principal objects, which are, in fact, erections, in the words of the artist, "calculated for the permanent buildings of a real city, rather than for the ephemeral exhibition of a season." The lake is "the miniature Tiber;" the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo are not only painted but *built*,* and the foremost mansion, on the left, has a substantial projecting balcony, "which forms a convenient and novel sort of Private Box"

for such visitors as may desire to avail themselves of the exclusiveness. The water is occupied by a busy fleet of the boats and small craft of Italy, which has a characteristic and picturesque effect. The whole is admirably painted in three coats, to withstand our aqueous atmosphere: it is generally calculated for daylight; although it may be seen to best advantage towards the close of the afternoon, when the effect is less garish than in broad day.

In place of a detailed account of "the Great Queen of Earth, Imperial Rome," we shall confine ourselves to the prefixed View in the City, and describe its principal features. If the reader is at all acquainted with Vasi's large View of Rome, taken from the Janiculum Hill, he will identify the present picture as sketched from the Tiber, between the Port of Ripetta and the Castle of St. Angelo, just past the most graceful sweep of the river. This is, familiarly speaking, the most popular view of Rome, and is thus referred to by a contemporary: Having descended from some steep banks commanding a close view of St. Peter's, again towards the river, "only one more gate occurs before the walls terminate at the water's edge with the fortifications of the Castle of St. Angelo, the Mausoleum of Adrian metamorphosed into the present fortress-tomb, which, with the Bridge of St. Angelo, ornamented with the showy statues of Bernini, form a good group of objects; particularly as seen from the east bank, with St. Peter's in the distance; a view often engraved, and which pleased me, when I afterwards saw it, like the face of an old acquaintance, so familiar had I become with it in the many prints I had seen from the pencils of innumerable artists."* In working out this view at "the Gardens," the Island in the Lake is completely covered by the Castle of St. Angelo, the Batteries of which are connected with the opposite side of "the miniature Tiber" by the picturesque bridge. On the left are the Tordiona Theatre; the handsome mansion of the great Roman Banker, the Duke of Torlonia; and the house with the real balcony, already mentioned. Opposite the spectator, are seen the turrets of the Ospitale di St. Spirito, and the cupola of the church of St. Celso; with the fine façade of the Vatican and Papal Palace; and, above all, rises the eighth wonder of the world, St. Peter's, with its majestic dome, portico, and obelisk. The principal objects to be described are as follow:—

1. *The Tiber,*

of which only a slight elbow, or turn, is

* During the progress of "the works," we were permitted to ascend to the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo, whence the prospect of the Surrey Hills, in place of Monte Mario, and the backing campagna, is very striking.

* Rome and its surrounding Scenery. Plates engraved by W. B. Cooke. Accompanied by Literary Sketches, by H. Noel Humphreys, Esq. 1840, p. 10.

represented in the picture. Of this river Spenser sings :

"Rome now of Rome is th' only funeral,
And only Rome, of Rome hath victory;
Ne ought save Tyber hastening to his fall,
Remains of all : O World's inconstancy !
That which is firm doth flit and fall away ;
And that is fitting, doth abide and stay."

Ruines of Rome.

"The Tiber," says Dr. Burton, is a stream of which classical recollections are apt to raise too favourable anticipations. When we think of the fleets of the capital of the world sailing up it, and pouring in the treasures of tributary kingdoms, we are likely to attach to it ideas of grandeur and magnificence. But, if we come to the Tiber with such expectations, our disappointment will be great." The breadth of the river at the Bridge of St. Angelo is about 315 feet ; and where the stream is divided by the island, it may be 450 feet ; thus, in point of width, claiming a respectable rank, though it can, by no means, be called a large river. It is, however, very subject to great floods, when the lower parts of the city are completely overflowed. The mouths are choked with mud and sand ; whilst the bed has been narrowed by filth or rubbish thrown from the houses or the banks. "Could this river," says Mrs. Starke, "be turned into another channel and the present bed cleansed and deepened, what an advantage might Rome derive in point of healthfulness ; and what a harvest to antiquaries might the river's bed afford. Besides sixty colossal statues which adorned ancient Rome, her streets and fora were lined with porticos, supported by columns of marble, and embellished with busts and statues innumerable ; and a large portion of these precious remains of antiquity is supposed to have been thrown into the Tiber."

2, 3. *Castle and Bridge of St. Angelo.*

The Mausoleum of Adrian, (now the Castle of St. Angelo,) was a magnificent edifice erected on a square base of considerable height, (adorned with statues,) by the Emperor Adrian, nearly opposite to the Mausoleum of Augustus, and in the garden of Domitian ; its form is a rotundo. It consisted of two stories ; and was incrustated with Parian marble. The Bridge of Ælius (now the Bridge of St. Angelo) was built by Adrian, to serve for an access to this splendid sepulchre ; and the entrance, constructed by him, fronting the bridge, together with an avenue, leading to the first story, have been discovered in the present century. After the fall of the Roman empire, this mausoleum became the citadel of Rome, and acquired the appellation of the Castle of St. Angelo, from a statue of the Archangel Michael placed there, to commemorate a vision of St. Gregory, who, being on the top of the edifice, thought he saw an angel announcing to him the cessation

sation of the plague, which at that period ravaged Rome. Considerable remains of the ancient building may still be discovered within the walls of the modern fortress ; the large hall of which merits notice, as it is painted in fresco by Raphael's scholars. From the summit of this castle on Easter Monday is discharged the Girandola, a grand display of fireworks, which may be seen well from a boat on the Tiber. The Bridge of St. Angelo was repaired by Clement IX., who, under the direction of Bernini, added the balustrades and statues.

4. *The Vatican and Papal Palace.*

The Vatican is the most stupendous of more than sixty palaces in Rome distinguished for architectural beauty : it ranks at the head of European palaces, and consists of twenty-two courts, with their colonnades, eight grand and two hundred small staircases. By some writers it is supposed to have been erected by Nero ; while others are of opinion that it was built by Constantine on the site of the gardens of Nero : it seems to have received augmentations from almost every succeeding sovereign ; inasmuch that its present circumference is computed to be nearly 70,000 feet.* All the great architects of Rome were employed on this edifice ; and Bramante, Raffael, Fontana, Maderno, and Bernini, successively enriched it with their genius. It is, indeed, a wilderness of building, and is said to contain 11,000 rooms. The grand entrance is from the portico of St. Peter's, by the Scala Regia, the most superb staircase in the world, and built by Bernini : here carriages set down company to attend the papal levees. To describe its contents would occupy many pages : to view its museum, you must walk a mile and three quarters. The museum of statues alone is computed to be a mile in extent ; but to see the whole, including statues, paintings, libraries, and chapels, you must pass twice through the picture-gallery, the library, and many other apartments. One of its greatest treasures is the *Loggia di Raffaello*, decorated with beautiful arabesques and medallions by Raffael, which are now enclosed with glass for their preservation.

5. *St. Peter's.*

"Who does not hasten to the lofty portals of St. Peter's," (says a contemporary) "with anxious and highly-wrought expectation ? It is almost invariably the first spot visited by the traveller on his arrival in Rome ; and, whether a disciple of the Romish Church, or one of the many sects that her abuses have driven from her bosom, the attraction of that glorious shrine is the same. The vast monument of the supremacy of

* The actual dimensions exceed those of the Louvre and Tuilleries united, although the Vatican covers less ground.

the popes is even a more powerful magnet than the relics of the dominion of the Cæsars. I hastened towards the Bridge of St. Angelo, admired the general effect of the statuary of Bernini with which it is decorated; cast a hasty glance at the castle, and pushed forward towards St. Peter's.* From the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo, a wide street conducts in a direct line to a square, which presents, at once, the court or portico, and part of the *basilica*. When the spectator approaches the entrance of this court, he views four ranges of lofty pillars, sweeping off to the right and left in a bold semicircle. In the centre of the area formed by this immense colonnade, (seventy feet in height,) an Egyptian obelisk, of one solid piece of granite, ascends to the height of 130 feet; and two vast fountains rise from porphyry basins. Raised upon three flights of marble steps, extending 400 feet in length, and 180 in height, is the majestic front of the basilica, or church itself, supported by a single row of Corinthian pillars, and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues. Far behind, and above it, rises the matchless dome, *the wonder of Rome, and of the world*. The colonnade of coupled pillars that surround and strengthen its vast base, the graceful attic that surmounts this colonnade, the bold and expansive swell of the dome itself, and the pyramid, seated on a cluster of columns, and bearing the ball and cross to the skies, all perfect in their kind, form the most magnificent exhibition that the human eye perhaps ever contemplated. Two less cupolas, one on each side, partake of the state, and add not a little to the majesty, of the principal dome. The whole church and its beautiful colonnade are built of Tiburtine stone, brought from Tivoli, which is as bright and fresh as if finished but yesterday. The colonnades were intended by the architect to have reached in two direct lines to the castle of St. Angelo.

In extent, St. Paul's, London, ranks next to St. Peter's; then the Duomo of Milan; next that of Florence; then that of St. Sophia, of Constantinople; and, lastly, that of St. Mark, at Venice. "But the largest of these, St. Paul's, falls far short of the length of St. Peter's, which is between 600 and 700 feet; and being unencumbered with pews, or other paltry divisions, the eye sweeps along its vast avenues uninterrupted except by a few human figures dotted about at intervals, which serve as a happy scale to measure the perspective, by which the most distant figures are reduced to mere pigmies. This first impression of expanse is increased when we look above, and see the enrichments of the vaulted ceiling, beautifully softened, though not rendered indistinct, by

the height of 440 feet: one might imagine himself wandering in the interior of a mountain, its vast caves lined with the accumulated riches of centuries, arranged in beautiful order by some superhuman hand; like the wonders of the *mundus subterraneus* of old father Kircher."

The original planner and designer of this stupendous work was Bramante, who, taking the hint from Brunelleschi's effort at Florence, conceived the idea of the wonderful dome. The first stone was laid in 1506, and the edifice was not completed in less than two centuries, at a cost of 12,000,000*l.*; and when we consider that the marble, bronze, and other valuable materials, are not only plentiful in, but scarcely known out of, Rome, we may presume that it would require three times as much to raise a similar edifice in any other capital. To Bramante succeeded Raffael in the great work; then came San Gallo, who was, in his turn, succeeded by Michael Angelo, during whose long life the work made greater progress than with any of his predecessors; whence St. Peter's and Michael Angelo have become almost synonymous: it fell to his lot to erect the greater part of the dome, which he enriched with his splendid designs, forming a work which must have struck all Europe with wonder. To Michael Angelo succeeded Vignola, Giacomo della Porta, and Carlo Maderno and Bernini, who planned and commenced the semicircular colonnades, which terminated under Clement X., who gave the finishing touch to the great whole that had occupied upwards of two centuries of unremitted labour and profuse expenditure.

Such are the principal features of this new Model of Rome, for which we predict a long popularity. The scene is one of the most impressive in the long catalogue of travel, and to its contemplation may be traced some of the most beautiful inspirations of contemporary literature:—"Bulwer visited the house of Cola di Rienzi, and wrote one of the most vivid and original of his romances. The magnificent ruins of the baths of Caracalla produced from the pen of Shelley the wonderful Prometheus; and the monuments of the Seven Hills drew from the pen of the wandering Harold those sublime reflections which may have occurred to many gifted minds, but at last found in his the power of stamping them into language which will outlive the monuments themselves, giving them a longer—a second immortality."[†]

It should be added, that the present Model ranks high as a work of pictorial art, independently of the mechanician's part in its production: the drawing is cleverly managed throughout, and the tone of colour is harmonious and characteristic.

* Rome and its surrounding Scenery, *ut ante* p. 39.

* Rome and its surrounding Scenery, p. 40.
† *Ibid.* p. 17.

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A DREAM.

Was it a vision sent from heav'n,
A warning from the skies,
By ministering angels giv'n,
To teach the worldly wise?
Or was it but an empty dream,
As of some doting seer,
That such strange signs and sounds did seem
To strike mine eye and ear?

Methought I on a mountain lay,
Which pierced a storm-fraught cloud,
The while the sun, at middle day,
A feeble lustre shew'd;
And gentle gales my eyelids fann'd,
Not east, or south, or north,
But as each corner of the land
Had bid its wind go forth.

Then heard I, as beneath my feet,
The Earth give voice aloud,
And, dreadful as the thunders beat,
Thus saying to the Cloud:—
"Say, Cloud, why weepst thou, and why
My hills with tears are wet?
The sun is sad, the breezes sigh;
Lo! I am merry yet."

Then spake the Cloud:—"I weep, O Earth,
Because thine end is near:
The elements which saw thy birth
Shall soon prepare thy bier."
And from the Sun an echo came,
The Wind it whisper'd too,
Each sadly spake, and each the same:—
"Adieu, old Earth, adieu!"

Loud laugh'd the Earth:—"My Joyous race
Five thousand years has run—
The Whirlwind sweeping o'er my face;
Above, the burning Sun:
And ye, dark Clouds, of old assail'd
My life with Noah's flood,
Yet wind nor water e'er prevail'd—
Unconquer'd still I stood!"

"And what have I from Fire to dread?"—
Then with a voice of might
I oped the Book of Truth, and read
The words of life and light:—
"All as a garment shall wax old,
And hasten to its doom,
And Earth, with all its dwellings bold,
A mighty Fire consume!"

And then, methought the Earth did quake,
The Heav'n's departing seemed,
Beneath my feet the mountain brake
Asunder as I dream'd:
Strange colours came before my gaze,
My ears strange voices shook,
And I, all giddy with amaze,
Leapt to my feet, and woke!

E. M.

CURIOUS RELIC

DISCOVERED AT WESTMINSTER.

(To the Editor.)

THE opinion given by a Member of the Camden Society in your No. 1057, regarding the origin of the figure lately discovered at Westminster, though well supported by the quotations adduced, may still be called in question. In the collection of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh there is a figure, found at Craigley, (formerly named "Devana," a Roman station,) which, from its having all the characteristics of the god Priapus, is universally regarded as a miniature image of that deity. It was also

found in a vase, and both in size and colour corresponds with the description of the one found at Westminster. There is one essential point, however, in which it seems to differ,—namely, in having the characteristics of the god entire—a difference which may be yet reconciled by the discovering traces of a fracture on the Westminster relic. It may likewise be observed that, instead of pebbles, the eyes are composed of a white metallic substance—a distinction comparatively unimportant.

It is well known that the Romans had a fondness for this deity, and that, with a view to increase the fertility of the soil, they not only erected statues in his honour throughout their gardens, but were also in the habit of depositing under ground miniature representations of him, of the most grotesque forms. When we consider also that Roman villas were not infrequent on the banks of the Thames, that the Roman manners and customs were diffused over the provinces, that many of their coins have been found in the excavations at Westminster, and that there is a striking resemblance between the two figures in question, as well as a coincidence in the circumstances under which they were found, it seems highly probable that the Westminster relic is a mutilated Priapus.

The above remarks have been offered with a view to elicit further information on this interesting subject, and in the hope of obtaining such evidence in favour of the hypothesis as can only be obtained from a minute inspection of the figure.

M.A.S.E.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

I.—L'AVANT-PROPOS.

SOME three or four years ago, at the time we were the joyous, nought-may-care inhabitant of a single chamber on the sixth floor of a house in the Quartier Latin, at Paris, one of the most witty and amusing of the countless tribe of periodicals that are published daily in Paris—the *Charivari*—commenced a series of ludicrous caricatures by the clever Gavarni, termed *Les Couliasses*—the name applied to that portion of the theatre which is bounded by the wings and side-walls, or back of the scenes. Their object was to exhibit, in an amusing and yet veracious light, the sentiments and opinions, the under talk and quaint antitheses, that go on amidst the actors whilst they are on the stage, and are often so utterly at variance with the characters they are assuming. For instance—the grantee, reclining on his superb ottoman, tells his young page to "pour out for him the golden wine of Spain," and the page replies in a whisper, as he obeys the order, "'Tis

only *coco**—mind it does not get into your head." The young princess, gazing from a window, recognises "her own Ludovic" spurring his noble courser across the plain; and behind the side-scene in which the window is cut, you see Ludovic in the ungentlemanly attitude of "taking a double sight" at his fair mistress, unperceived by the audience. Then there are ballet-girls peeping through holes in the curtain at the audience before the play begins, and making their remarks upon them; and executioners quarrelling with their victims for looking at the company too often in the stage-box, whilst the said victims' heads were actually on the blocks; and many other diverting subjects, which the pencil of their able designer has realized with a spirit and *vraisemblance* not to be attained in England at present by one of our native artists.

This series of caricatures had a great run: they attracted many to the cafés to inspect them; and the amusing windows of Aubert, the publisher, in the *Gallerie Vero-Dodat*, were filled with superior impressions, which the people bought to laugh at and adorn their scrap-books, never reflecting that the subjects which caused them so much mirth were in reality caricatures upon themselves and the world they dwelt in.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there flourished, at the obscure village of Stratford-upon-Avon, a poet and playwright named Shakspeare, or Shakespeare, who appears at that time to have ranked tolerably high amongst the authors of his day—a period verging, it is true, upon the dark ages, but still now and then furnishing proof that the scribblers of his era had very fair notions of poetry and language. We will allow that the dramas produced by this author did not possess the thrilling interest of *Jonathan Bradford* or *Black-eyed Susan*—that many of his plays were destitute of either an incidental ballet or combat to enliven them, and, *par consequence*, are now almost extinct; yet, here and there, pieces may be picked out, and flashes of imagination observed, that would be creditable to many dramatists of the present day. This ancient writer, then, in one of his pieces, has compared the world to a stage, and man's life to a seven-act play, or rather, a farce commencing and concluding it, and a five-act drama in the middle, chequered with sad and joyous scenes, like an *Adelphi burletta*. To carry the analogy still further between our world and a theatre, which this almost forgotten writer has adduced, we would say, that the world has its *coulisses* as well as the stage, and that the

performers who thereon "strut and fret their hour," (we borrow from our author again,) are as different before and behind the green curtain of publicity as the real Thespians are in relation to their own proscenium—in fact, that there are few occurrences in life that have not a twofold appearance.

We presume most of our readers are acquainted with *The Devil upon Two Sticks*. We do not mean the ballet in which Duvernay danced the *Cachuca*, in black net over pink satin, and Wieland sat upon the fire and hopped upon one crutch,—but the admirable novel of *Le Sage* bearing that title, wherein Don Cleophas Leandro Perez Zambullo sees what is going on in every house in Madrid, by the kindness of an attendant spirit, who removes the roofs. This excellent work will give a clearer idea of our theory of the *coulisses* than we can do by our own pen. We will merely add, to revert to the ballet, that had Wieland possessed the power to remove the veils from all the hearts of the Drury-Lane audience, instead of the housetops, and reveal their passing emotions to the student, Mr. Gilbert would have beheld a much stranger spectacle than ever the scholar of Alcala witnessed, with all the opportunities that his friend Amodeus afforded him.

There is no denying the plain round truth, that every action and intention of the present day is as much involved in a covering of duplicity as the date-stone-looking abode of the chrysalis silkworm is in the web of yellow pluff which surrounds it, and that the real import of any deed is as difficult to discover as the actual commencement of the aforesaid web. This universal deception we have been gradually coming to for some time past. It must necessarily soon arrive at its climax; and then, as extremes meet, we shall probably return again to truth, when it can go no further.

The extent to which this double feeling is carried, in a moral, social, political, and any other point of view connected with the lumbering ball we inhabit, is alarming to the last degree; and there is not an event or action of our lives, however trifling, but is involved in a mesh of deceit, sometimes easily seen through, but more frequently dense and impenetrable as a new *Macintosh*; nay, we even occasionally endeavour to deceive ourselves. A lady sends an invitation to a person she cannot bear, but whom she is obliged to ask on account of connexion or interest. She hopes, openly, for "the pleasure of his company;" she wishes, behind the scenes, that he wont come. A doctor salutes a patient with "I hope you are well," when it would be a source of the greatest happiness to him to see the unhappy person shivering with intermittent fever, or coughing his lungs clean out of

* The exceedingly nasty beverage, at *deux liards* the glass, which the *marchandes* retail from small castles on their backs, at the foot of the Pont Neuf, during the summer months.

his chest with asthma. The mistress of the house at a dinner-party is unconscious of the contents of a neighbouring spring tart—the name which a small rhubarb pie bears at the earlier periods of its existence, to impress you with a due notion of its premature delicacy. Behind the scenes, the cook was overdone with work, and the lady ordered the rhubarb to be sent to her in the drawing-room, where she cut it up into little oblongs with her own hands. By the way, what a dash of fiddle-faddle it is to call this same piece of confectionary “spring tart.” It is as much as to say to your guests, and it means it too, “Rhubarb is very dear now, so you must think a great deal of this, and not cram it in as if it was apple pie.” *Tarts are made of fruit, pies of meat*, was an axiom instilled into us by our schoolmistress at an early age, and we hear the reader chide us for not paying attention to it. We plead guilty, but still an apple pie will be an apple pie to the end of the world. There might be room for censure in speaking of a beefsteak tart; but with the other, we maintain it will never be anything else, whilst the legend that so inseparably connects the letters of the alphabet with its being, and their contest for its possession, shall be extant.

But we are rambling into etymological discussions: so we return once more to our subject. As at the large theatres eminent actors are engaged at tremendous salaries, whilst the mobs and processions are content with a shilling a night and their beer; so, in the world, some who hourly exhibit their antics on its stage are rewarded with enormous fortunes, whilst the supernumeraries and sceneshifters of life, to whom the working of the huge machine is chiefly entrusted, occasionally starve for want of its necessities—in fact, whilst some men are born with chased soup-ladles, of the Queen's pattern, in their mouths, (figuratively, of course, because we do not believe an infant ever came into the world in that state of encumbrance,) others are obliged to put up with a bone marrow-spoon. And yet, high or low, both these classes are versed in the contradictions and simulations of the *coulisses*. The man in a paper cap and apron, who turns the winds which give motion to the “fountain of revolving diamonds” in the last scene of a fairy spectacle, and occasionally solaces himself with a draught of porter as he crouches behind its framework of nautilus-shells and dolphins, has many prototypes in the real world, who amuse the million with gaudy deceptions, whilst they are invisibly and quietly enjoying themselves, or drawing their own gain from dazzling the multitude with empty brilliancy. The pantomime trick, which, by its ingenious transformation, calls down the applause of a

delighted audience, would be nothing if it were not for the assistant who pulls its concealed strings, which, once revealed to public view, would take away all its interest; and the *parvenu*, who changes in a week from humble circumstances to a splendid income, would lose much of the *eclat* that the altered state calls forth, did the world see clearly, in many instances, how the transformation had been effected. The clown, whose antics cause the house to shake with roars of laughter, retires behind the scenes to calculate where the next meal may be procured for his famishing family; the mourner at Juliet's funeral throws off his trappings, when once off the stage, and enters into the boisterous mirth of his companions; and the tinselled monarch, who presides at the gorgeous banquet, or struts in the brilliant procession, shuffles home, when the performance is over, to his garret in Drury Lane, and sups from a baked sheep's head—happy enough, too, if he can procure such a luxury. The stage was intended to “hold a mirror up to Nature;” and Nature, like most other ladies, being very fond of looking in a glass, sees therein a constant reflection of her own attributes, with a startling reality that is unattainable even with the Daguerriotype.

We propose, gentle reader, in the sketches we are about to lay before you, to give you a free admission behind the scenes of some of the minor theatres of life, where you may possibly find as much diversion and matter to amuse as you would do before the curtain. The great houses we shall leave alone; for we would not soar too high, lest in our imaginings we should tumble out of the cloud-pieces upon the stage, or perhaps through an open trap-door underneath it, and be thought no more of; or, not being sufficiently acquainted with the extensive machinery, we may be unable to grapple with its difficulties, and thus cause the failure of the piece from a similar fault in life that causes many originally good plans to miscarry—attempts too much. But we shall keep in our own sphere, and accommodate our ideas to the modest pages of our periodical, which, nevertheless, has floated gaily on, through weal and woe, storm and sunshine, whilst many vessels of heavier freightage, and carrying guns of greater metal, have gone down, and never been heard of again. If in our subsequent remarks you ponder on an idea in our graver portions, or smile at what you may be pleased to term a quaint thought in our more comic emanations, (and we shall incline to light pieces,) and admit its truth, our end will be answered. So now, in all good fellowship, we bid you adieu for the short space of seven days, during which time we wish publicly to announce, that “the house will be entirely

re-embellished, and no expense spared to render the attraction worthy of a liberal and discerning public." ALBERT.

SONG,

WRITTEN IN 1590.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,—
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,—
Heigh ho!

THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from page 311.)

At that moment some one knocked gently at the door.

"You cannot come in," she cried, imperiously.

"Emilie, I want to speak to you a moment."

"Not just now, my dear," she answered, in a tone less harsh than at first, but yet not sweet.

"Nonsense, you are talking to somebody now." And a man, who of course was the count, entered the room. The countess gave me a look. I understood it. It made her my slave. Ah! at one time of my life I should have been fool enough not to have protested the note.

"What does this person want?" asked the count.

I saw his lady shiver. Her skin of satin grew rough, and, as we say familiarly, turned to *goose-flesh*. As for me, I was laughing heartily, though not a muscle of my face moved.

"He is one of my tradesmen," she said.

The count turned away from me; but I pulled the note half out of my pocket. At this cruel gesture the lady came up to me, and gave me a diamond, saying, "Take that, and begone!"

I made an exchange of the note for the jewel, made my bow, and left her. The diamond was worth some twelve hundred francs. In the court of the hotel I saw the stable-boys washing two elegant carriages, and other servants were cleaning their liveries, and brushing their boots. "There it is," thought I; "This is what makes such people come to me; this makes them steal

millions under decent prettexts, and betray their country. To avoid getting splashed by going on foot, they plunge themselves over head and ears in filth.

Just then the court doors were flung open, and in drove the elegant tilbury of the endorser of my note.

"Sir, here are two hundred francs, which I will thank you to return to the countess," said I; "and please say that I will keep her diamond eight days, to let her redeem it, if she sees fit."

He took the money with a scornful smile, as if to say, "Ah, she has paid it then; so much the better!"

I could read the whole of the countess's future destiny in that expression.

Next I made for the Rue Montmartre, for Mademoiselle Fanny's. I ascended a steep stair; and, on reaching the fifth story, was shewn into a snug room, as neat as wax-work. Not a grain of dirt or dust was to be seen. The young lady was Parisian—that is, her head was elegant, and her air graceful. She was hard at work; and the quantity of linen around the room shewed what was her usual occupation. When I handed her the note, she remarked that the porter would have given me the money the first time I called.

"Mademoiselle is in the habit of going out early, it seems?"

"Oh no, I seldom do it; but when I have worked late at night, it is pleasant to get a little fresh air."

I looked at her, and saw through her history at a glance. She belonged to some wealthy family, reduced to poverty by misfortune. There was an indescribable air of virtue, of modesty, of nature's nobleness around her. The air seemed impregnated with frankness and truth. I could breathe freely. I saw in a corner a plain cot, and over it a crucifix. I was really touched. I felt inclined to leave her the money, and the countess's diamond in the bargain; but I thought my present might perhaps prove a fatal one, and on reflection I kept both. "Who knows," says I, "but she may have some rascally lover who would take the diamond for a shirt-pin!"

"Just as you came in I was thinking to myself what a capital wife Fanny Malvaux would make. I am sure I shall think of her for a week to come; and contrast her pure and quiet life in my own mind with that of the guilty countess.

"Well," he resumed, after a short pause, "do you think it is nothing to penetrate thus into the most secret chambers of the heart—to see through the lives of your fellow-creatures? The scenes change like a magic-lantern. There are hideous wounds, deadly sorrows, scenes of love, scenes of wretchedness, which the waters of the Seine are at hand to finish; pleasures of

youth, which end in the scaffold, the laugh of despair, and the festival of luxury. I have often heard Mirabeau's eloquence extolled. I have heard him, but it never moved me. But many a time a young girl in love, an old merchant on the verge of bankruptcy, a mother trying to hide her son's guilt, a man without bread, a great man without honour, have made me shudder at the power of their words. They are glorious actors; and they perform for me alone. But they cannot deceive. What am I in want of? everything is mine. People refuse nothing to him that holds the purse-strings. I can buy ministers and conquerors—that is called honour. I can buy women and their fondest caresses—that is what you call love. Everything can be bought. We are the silent, unknown monarchs of the world. Here," he went on, pointing to the old, naked walls of his room, "here the fiery lover, who kindles at a look, and draws his sword at a word, kneels to beg my aid; here the proudest merchant fawns upon me; here the vainest and fairest of the fair make court to me; here the haughty soldier, the inspired artist, the immortal poet, all meet to beg. Do you think there are no sensations, no enjoyments, to be felt under this mask of coldness?"

I went back to my room stupefied. This little, withered old man had grown in my estimation. He was changed unto my eyes into a vision of fancy. I had seen the personification of wealth. I felt disgusted with life and with mankind. "Is money, then, the beginning and the end of everything?" was the question I asked myself.

I remember that it was late before I fell asleep. I saw piles of gold all around me. The beautiful countess was constantly before me; and I will confess, to my shame, that she caused me utterly to forget the image of that sweet and charming creature condemned to a life of obscurity and toil.

The next morning, however, when the fumes of sleep were driven away, I saw in my mind's eye the pure and modest Fanny in all her beauty, and I could think of nothing else.

"Will you take a glass of *eau sucrée*?" said the viscountess, interrupting the solicitor, and ringing the bell.

"With pleasure," was his answer.

"Allow me to say," she went on, "that I don't see anything in your story which concerns any of us."

"By Sardanapalus!" cried the man of law, (his favourite oath,) "I shall rouse Mademoiselle Camille presently; for I shall shew her that the success of her love depends on this very Gobseck; and as for Fanny Malvant, you all know her—she is my wife!"

"Poor fellow!" said the Viscountess with a smile, "he is so open-hearted he would

say so before twenty people, just as soon as before us."

"I would proclaim it to the whole world," cried the solicitor.

"Here is your glass, take it, and drink, my poor friend; you will never be anything higher in the world than the happiest and best of men."

"You mean to go on with your story, do you not?" asked Camille.

"Certainly."

"You were at some countess's in the Rue du Helder," said the old Marquis, with half-shut eyes. "What did you do there?"

(To be continued.)

FINE OLD CLARET.

MR. TROLLOPE, during his recent tour, was told at Bordeaux, by a merchant, that he had lately sold a thousand bottles of Chateau Margaux to the emperor of Russia, at 36 francs, (30s.) a bottle. It was forty years old, and had a bouquet which scented strongly the whole of a large room as soon as ever it was opened; nor had its age destroyed a particle of its colour, flavour, or even strength. In short, it had all the qualities which a good judge of Bordeaux wine thus sums up as essential to its perfection:—"Cette liqueur délicieuse, parvenue à son plus haut degré de qualité, doit être pourvue d'une belle couleur, d'un bouquet qui participe de la violette, de beaucoup de finesse, et d'une saveur infiniment agréable; elle doit avoir de la force, sans être capiteuse, ranimer l'estomac en respectant la tête, et en laissant l'haleine pure et la bouche fraîche."

BACCHUS, JUN.

THE BALL—AND MR. MANAGER FERGUSON.

A SKETCH, WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN
FOUNDED ON FACT.

(Concluded from p. 308.)

THE next day he (Ferguson aforesaid) was lost precisely in the same spot, and the next day, and the day after that, and every day until Miss Henry "graduated." They had never spoken; but she had found out (curious creatures these damsels) that the man was Mr. Ferguson (sometimes esquire) the lion, and all that sort of thing. And he had learned that she was Miss Henry, her apparent of "old Henry!" (the shameless vagabonds used to call him so in their jovial hours,) and heir expectant of a large fortune, then in possession of a maiden aunt. Ferguson resolved (his resolutions were firm as the rock of Gibraltar) to commence a game!

So when Miss Henry "came out," it was no difficult matter for a gentleman of Mr. Ferguson's *pretensions* to obtain a formal presentation to her. And without disguise or prevarication, we may say, her solicitous ma was vastly gratified by the attentions of "*such a nice young man.*"

The evening for the ball arrived. Mrs. Dashwood, who was at that time the leader of the *ton*, had been prevailed upon to act as Miss Rosalie's chaperon upon this auspicious occasion. Not wishing to be vulgar, and anxious to have it understood that she did not go to balls to dance, it was near upon twelve o'clock before Mrs. Dashwood's carriage drove up to the door. The motley assemblage of *individuals* were somewhat astonished when Ferguson entered the room, accompanied by Mrs. Dashwood hanging on his dexter, and Miss Henry upon his sinister, arm. Crowded as the assembly was, they produced a *sensation*! Several of the *especials* gathered themselves together, and forthwith began to discuss the young *debutante*.

"Aha! Simpkins, you recollect Fergy (that was the lion's familiar) said something about a girl he had seen somewhere?"

"By Jove! that is she!"

Sure enough it was she, and her *entrée* into that room was surpassingly brilliant! To use the language of Gilman in the play, she reminded one, "not of the gentle ring-dove of the grove, but of the magnificent peacock of the desert." To have seen her then and there, any one would have supposed her perfectly *au-fait* in all matters of society; albeit this was the very first ball she had ever attended. This was owing entirely to the judicious tuition of Mrs. Dashwood. She had given her a lesson; and everybody knows that *one* lesson from such a woman is worth more than all the gleanings from fashionable novels!

Ferguson and Miss Henry danced and waltzed together. In this intellectual and very healthful accomplishment he was an adept. He could whirl around near upon a thousand times without experiencing the least vertigo or weariness; and the variety as well as rapidity of his performances upon this particular occasion were sources of admiration and wonder to the votaries of Terpsichore.

As a particular favour, Ferguson presented some of the more *polished* *especials* to the kind regards of the belle. And they danced and waltzed; so that Miss Rosalie was not, during the whole night, one of those interesting appendages of a ball-room, "a wall-flower."

Everything went on swimmingly; everybody was full of life and joy; the music was exquisite, and the lemonade was *not* sour. And *such* a supper! A respectable

middle-aged gentleman, who understood the doctrines of Epicurus to a nicety, and whose sole enjoyment during the night had been based upon the supper, was heard to exclaim, "Delicious!"

While Mr. Manager Ferguson was absent from the dancing-room upon business connected with his official station, Mrs. Dashwood had presented a poor, melancholy, foolish specimen of humanity, an embryo practitioner of Esculapian doctrines, to Miss Rosalie, and they had taken their places for the next quadrille. This movement had not escaped the keen observation of the *especials*, and forthwith "Fergy" was informed of it. In he came, and *pretending* to remember that he had the honour of Miss Henry's hand for that set of quadrilles, proceeded to insinuate, with some slight rudeness, that the "young Pills" *must* yield!

"Oh, how delightful!" thought the romantic and blood-thirsty beauty. "There will surely be a *duel* on my account!" So she pretended not to remember any engagement. Ferguson explained to the young gentleman that he remembered it perfectly, and desired him to yield. No! he would not; for, with his anatomical knowledge, he was blessed with a goodly share of the donkey, and obstinately refused to give way.

"You wont?" said Ferguson.

"I will not!" said the embryo Abernethy.

Here, then, much to the delight of Miss Rosalie, the parties were at issue; and just then as the prompter cried out, "Right and left," the young doctor planted his foot upon *that* of Ferguson! The last named gentleman turned to a knot of the *especials*, who had been observing the scene; his brow was—

"Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire!"

and he made towards them with dignified strides! He spoke not—but his face was eloquent; it seemed to say, "Don't advise *me* what to do! I'll have his heart's blood!"

He could have overlooked the refusal of the young gentleman to yield his place, for in *this* point he knew he was wrong; but that assault upon his *foot*! There was the actual sting, and his resolution was again taken, more firmly, if possible, than Gibraltar itself.

The dance was finished. One of the *especials* sought out the favoured partner of Miss Rosalie, and, with his consent, politely escorted him into an ante-room. Ferguson was there!

"Sah!" said Ferguson, through his pale and determined lips; "Sah! you must apologize!" The doctor looked dissent.

"You wont?"

"I will not!"

Here was another direct, clear issue.

"Then, sah!" said the owner of the insulted pedestal, while he looked death and destruction, "I am compelled, in this gentleman's presence, to pronounce you a contemptible pup—" Ferguson would have made a word of it, by adding the ultimate syllable, had not the clenched hand (and it was reasonably large) of the young doctor completely filled up the cavity whence the sound proceeded. The disgraced specimen of humanity recoiled—but fell not. And although both he and the especial were well versed in the art of pugilism, they offered no violence, but gave the assaulting party to understand that "ten paces—pistols—gin-slugs for two—and an exit from this mundane sphere," would, at an early day, be his ultimate fate!

Under the feelings which this dreadful announcement may be supposed to have excited in his timid bosom, the young doctor joined the dancers. "Fergy" couldn't join, because there was near his mouth an unsightly protuberance, or swelling, wholly out of place on the face of a man who essays to play the exquisite.

The ball ended as such affairs usually do, and the morrow's sun broke upon this various world with his usual splendour and regularity. The young doctor was not much astonished by the entrance of the special especial into his study, bearing in his hand the missive of chivalric and insulted virtue. It ran as follows:—

"SIR,—It is needless at this time to explain the reason of this intrusion upon your valuable time. My friend Pheterby will hand you this note, and is fully authorized to make the necessary arrangements, etc.

Yours, etc., J. FAIRFAX FERGUSON.

The "necessary arrangements" were made, and some other *small* arrangements were likewise made, which we will briefly advert to. The fact was, Ferguson was not over belligerent in his nature; and although he resolved to frighten his man, if possible, and make a noise in the world, one of his specials had received his cue, and the officers of the correctional police were on the alert to prevent a violation of the laws.

The dear Rosalie had heard the rumour of war, and was in ecstasies of delight! She was the cause of a real duel! But her solicitous pa, who looked upon things with a matter-of-fact eye, resolved to prevent anything of the kind, if possible. So he did Mr. Ferguson the honour of a visit. But the challenger was inexorable! The entreaties of a plain man—even the father of Rosalie Henry—could produce no visible effect. Blood *must* flow! It was noised abroad that *the* lion and a young doctor

were to have a meeting—but the *when* and *where* were unknown, except to the parties, and the officer who was the particular friend of the especial. Ferguson, who with all his money was much in want of *more*, thought that by this assumption of valour and resolution he would more firmly fix himself in the good opinion of the world at large, of the ton, and of the pa's and ma's of marriageable daughters.

The meeting took place—the ground was measured, and all the ceremonies were performed which are usually attempted on like occasions. The challenged party, much to the disappointment of the challenger and his second, was not in the least *scared*, but seemed on the contrary as cool, calm, and collected as he would have been in the dissection of a subject! This was awful! The parties took their position. Ferguson thought his anxious friend, the officer, never *would* come. "Gentlemen, are you ready?" was the solemn appeal of the selected second to the two candidates for funeral honours. They nodded assent. The word "fire!" was on the tongue, when, from a copse hard by, some half-dozen stout fellows, with staves in their hands, rushed upon the field of battle! The officer and his possé were there! "Good again!" thought Ferguson and his especial, as with the quickness of thought they fled from the ground. Not so the doctor. Him the police appertained to, and walked him gently before the presiding judge, who, in reply to his question, "What have you got to say?" etc., received a delicate intimation from the culprit, that, in *his* private opinion, Mr. Ferguson and his friends had acted in a most cowardly manner: and, moreover, he believed it was through his procurement and advice that the very *pleasant* rencontre had been brought to such an unexpected close.

"Very logical reasoning—but bad law," thought he of the robes and wig, and forthwith caused heavy bonds to be entered into for the preservation of the public peace and morals.

These officers of the correctional police are sometimes the most "leaky vessels" in the world. The particular friend of the especial, who had been entrusted with the interruption of the mortal combat, imparted the "good joke in perfect confidence" to a lady friend; and she, likewise, in confidence, told somebody else, and the town was soon alive with the "*funny* duel!"

Ferguson took to the water. In a few days he was sailing on the deep blue sea for London—the nursery of fashion, folly, and crime—the school for beauty and burglars, princes and pickpockets, and all manner of good and evil doers.

Some years passed by. Steam ships came in fourteen days from England to this

country. The knot of especials was thrown into double-refined confusion by an item of news after this fashion :—

"LONDON POLICE.

"Among the prisoners brought before the magistrates this morning, was one of the most finished specimens of villany in the habitable globe. His arrest has led to the breaking up of a community of swindlers, forgers, burglars, and rogues of every description. The most skilful instruments of the several trades were found in his possession. Branches of the business were established in France, Germany, and the United States. Among the *glibble* people of the latter country this finished knave played most beautiful pranks. Being able, with the proceeds of his villany and the elegance of his demeanour, to sport among the high ton of the new world, he was, of course, a lion! He was fully committed for trial by the presiding judge."

"Fergy" was tried, and, more through pity for what he *had* been than for what he *was*, he was permitted to purchase a life estate in New South Wales.

"This is a fact, and no poetic fable."

THE LITERARY WORLD.—X.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

Bentley's Miscellany is a fair, average Number. The Editor's "Guy Fawkes" proceeds—"how Guy was put to the torture," with this picturesque opening: "intimation of the arrest of Guy Fawkes having been sent to the Tower, his arrival was anxiously expected by the warden and soldiers composing the garrison, a crowd of whom posted themselves at the entrance of Traitor's Gate, to obtain a sight of him. As the bark that conveyed the prisoner shot through London Bridge, and neared the fortress, notice of its approach was given to the lieutenant, who, scarcely less impatient, had stationed himself in a small circular chamber in one of the turrets of St. Thomen's, or Traitor's Tower, overlooking (?) the river. He hastily descended, and had scarcely reached the place of disembarkation, when the boat passed beneath the gloomy archway; the immense wooden wicket closed behind it; and the officer in command springing ashore, was followed more deliberately by Fawkes, who mounted the slippery stairs with a firm footstep. As he gained the summit, the spectators pressed forward, but Sir Wm. Waad, ordering them in an authoritative tone to stand back, fixed a stern and scrutinizing glance on the prisoner." The details of the torture, in which Fawkes's fingers were so crushed and lacerated, that they refused to grasp the pen to trace his signature, through-

out—are told with thrilling minuteness: and the next chapter relates "the Troubles of Viviana." "The Mump, by Hal Willis," explains that "The Mump is a slight variation of the Sponge. The difference is, that the former possesses more sincerity or impudence than the latter, and ingenuously commences the invasion with an acknowledgment of his or her intentions. 'Well, Tom, I've come to mump a dinner with you;' or, 'My dear Mrs. B., I intend to mump a dish of tea with you this afternoon. How's the little dears?' and so forth. Both Mumps and Sponges are of very ancient origin. The Latins used to call them *musce*, or flies, being always ready to taste of any man's dish without invitation." "Ghost Gossips," and "Plain Advice to a young 'Country Attorney," papers of twelve pages each, are tiresome yarns, indeed; we are heartily sick of the one-string rillery against "law and lawyers." Mr. Daniel's seventeen pages of "Merrie England," are likewise an inflection, they being over-crammed with details of Old London, old poets, the puritans, &c. Of better *matériel* is "The Stage Coachman Abroad, by Dudley Costello:" here is a smart conceit: "the cabin of a packet when its inmates have retired to bed, presents a singular aspect of confusion; portmanteaus, hats, and band-boxes strew the floor; great coats, dressing-tables, travelling-caps and handkerchiefs cover the tables and chairs; while *here and there an upright boot appears to stand the only sentinel over the scattered property.*" "Notes on some New Novels" is a very unworkmanlike affair: it being suspicious policy to extol in "*Miscellany*" the republication of works which first appeared in this same periodical: in fact, it would amount to the Editor praising his own judgment, if there were not more heads than one concerned in the editorial direction. Ingoldsby's "County Legend—the Old Woman clothed in Grey," is brimful of fun and humour, e. g.

" ——— the times
Described in these rhymes,
Were as fruitful in virtues, as ours are in crimes;
And if amongst the laity
Unseemly gaiety
Sometimes betrayed an occasional taint or two,
At once all the clerics
Went into hysterics,
While scarcely a convent but boasted its saint or two:
So it must have been long ere the line of the Tudors,
As since then the breed
Of saints rarely indeed,
With their dignified presence have darken'd our
pew-docks.
Hence the late Mr. Fronde, and the live Mr. Pusey,
We moderns consider as each worth a Jew's-eye;
Though Wiseman, and Dullman, combine against
Newman,
With doctors, and proctors, and say he's no true
man.
But this by the way—the convent I speak about
Had them in scores—they said mass week and
week about;
And the two now on duty were each, for their piety,

Second to none in that holy society,
And well might have borne
These words which are worn
By our *Nullo Secundus* Club—poor dear lost mut-
tons
Of guardsmen—on club days, inscribed on their
burdens!"

Here, too, is a pleasant admixture of the
grave and gay:

"Oh! sweet and beautiful is night, when the sil-
ver moon is high,
And countless stars, like clustering gems, hang
sparkling in the sky,
While the balmy breath of the summer breeze
comes whispering down the glen,
And one fond voice alone is heard—oh! night is
lovely then!
But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness
and of pain,
But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its
sounds in vain;
When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's
flickering light,
Where all we love is fading fast—how terrible is
night!

More terrible yet,
If you happen to get
By an old woman's bedside, who, all her life long,
Has been what the vulgar call, 'coming it
strong'
In all sorts of ways that are naughty and wrong."

The friar pestering the old woman, is
capitally sly and sure:

"Now I would not by any means have you suppose,
That the good father Basil was just one of those
Who entertain views
We're so apt to abuse,
As neither fitting Turks, Christians, nor Jews,
Who haunt death-bed scenes,
By underhand means
To toady or tease people out of a legacy,—
For few folk, indeed, had such good right to beg
as he,
Since Rome in her pure apostolical beauty,
Not only permits, but enjoins, as a duty,
Her sons to take care,
That let who will be the heir,
St. Peter shall not be choused out of his share,
Before any such mangling of chattels and goods
As has just been the case with the late Jemmy
Wood's;
Her conclaves, and councils, and synods, in short,
main.
Tain principles adverse to statutes of *Mortmain*."

In the *Times* of the 14th instant appear
the following lines, which we are induced to
transfer to our columns, from the sympathy
universally felt upon their sad subject:—

"THE PRESIDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ECCLÉSIA.'

SPEAK! for thou hast a voice, perpetual sea!
Lift up thy surges—with some signal word,
Shew where the pilgrims of the waters be,
For whom a nation's thrilling heart is stir'd.
Down to thy waves they went in joyous pride,
They trod with steadfast feet thy billowy way;
The eyes of wondering men beheld them glide
Swift in the arrowy distance—where are they?
Didst thou arise upon that mighty frame,
Mad that the strength of man with thee should
strive,
And proud thy rival element to tame,
Didst swallow them in conscious depths alive?

Or, shorn and powerless hast thou bade them lie,
Their stately ship a carcass of the foam?
Where still they watch the ocean and the sky,
And fondly dream that they have yet a home!

Doth hope still soothe their souls, a gladness
thrill?

In peace amid those wanderers of the foam?
Say, is the old affection yearning still
With all the blessed memories of home?

Or is it over? Life and breath and thought,
The living feature and the breathing form?
Is the strong man become a thing of nought,
And the rich blood of rank no longer warm?

Thou answerest not, thou stern and haughty sea,
There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air.
Roll on, ye tears! oh, what can comfort be
To hearts that pant for hope, but breathe despair?

Nay, mourner, there is sunlight on the deep,
A gentle rainbow on the darkling cloud;
A voice, more mighty than the floods, will sweep
The shore of tempests when the storm is loud!

What, though they woke the whirlwinds of the
west,

Or rous'd the tempest from his eastern lair,
Or clave the cloud with thunder in his breast,—
Lord of the awful waters, Thou wert there!

All-merciful! The fate—the day—were Thine;
Thou didst receive them from the seething sea;
Thy love too deep, thy mercy too divine,
To quench them in an hour—unworthy Thee.

If storms were mighty, Thou wert in the gale!
If their feet fall'd them, in Thy paths they trod;
Man cannot urge the bark, or guide the sail,
Or force the quivering helm, away from God!"

In one of the piquant reviews in the
Times, on the same day, occur the follow-
ing stinging truths:—"This is the era of
frivolous literature; at least, in England it
is so. Among the masses of print which
our national press throws off every season,
how few are the productions calculated to
reach a permanent position as standard
works! In the process of supplying an in-
calculably increased demand, the article has
materially deteriorated. Looking back to
the reigns of Queen Anne, and the first
George, you find literature instinct with a
life and muscular energy which yet shew
fresh and vigorous, and which extend even
to the avowedly fugitive and ephemeral
pieces of that day. The *Freeholders* and
Spectators have not yet ceased to delight.
Even the *Drapier's Letters* may still be
read with pleasure. Now, however, every
year, not to say every month, sees reams of
the fairest hot-pressed post impressed with
the fairest type, only to become, before the
twelvemonth is run, like the leaves of the
sibyl, *rapidis ludibria ventis*. It is easier,
however, to mark this change than to assign
its causes."

Public Exhibitions.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 315.)

We resume with a notice of one of the
most poetical pictures in the collection,
either as regards subject or treatment: it is,
79. *The little sick Scholar*. Fanny McJan.

The subject is from one of the touching vignettes in *Master Humphrey's Clock*:

"He was a very young boy; quite a child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were bright, but their light was of heaven, not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hands, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear kind friend. 'I hope I always was; I meant to be so, God knows,' said the poor schoolmaster. 'Who is that?' said the boy, seeing Nell. 'I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me.' The sobbing child came closer up, and took the little languid hand in hers."

This affecting incident is exquisitely portrayed; and, probably, no finer tribute has been paid to the truth and delicacy of Mr. Dickens's writings than in the painting of this scene of sweet simplicity, by a female hand.

116. *Portrait of Sir Peter Laurie*. Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. This is a splendid picture, certainly, but its merit as a likeness is another affair; for, with every sense of the active intelligence of the original, we can scarcely believe that the applause of the City courts, the gas and glitter of the Guildhall, or the hospitalities of the Mayoralty, ever lit up the Alderman's features with such *esprit* as Sir David has invested them. The obligation of the two knights—painter and sitter—is mutual.

124. *The Sleeping Beauty*. D. MacIse, R.A.

"So the princess, having fallen into a deep sleep for a hundred years, was placed in the finest apartment in the palace, on a bed embroidered with gold and silver, &c. So the good fairy touched with her wand all that was in the palace—maids of honour, gentlemen ushers, grooms of the bed-chamber, lords in waiting, waiting-women, governesses, stewards, cooks, scullions, guards, porters, pages, and footmen, &c. Even little Bichou, the Princess' favourite lap-dog, who lay on the bed by her side, all fell asleep, &c. At the expiration of a hundred years, the prince arrived. He approached the castle by a long avenue; he crossed a large court-yard paved with marble; he ascended the staircase, entered the guard-room, where the guards were snoring away most lustily; he passed through several rows of ladies and gentlemen, some sitting, some standing, but all asleep. At length, he came to an apartment gilded all over with gold, and saw on a magnificent bed, the curtains of which were open all round, a princess more beautiful than anything he had ever beheld," &c.

This is, unquestionably, one of the pictures of the Exhibition, in point of attractiveness, it being almost constantly surrounded by visitors. It is, throughout, a composition of luxuriant fancy, if not of poetic taste; and, before it is condemned as *bizarre*, the fairy licence of the scene should be remembered. The moment chosen is the arrival of the prince, who is gazing wonderstruck with the beauty of the sleeping princess, who, with the lap-dog and the embroidered bed, are exquisitely grouped. The somnolent expression of the numerous attendants, not forgetting "the fool," is admirably sustained; and the costumes,

together with the apartments, "gilded with gold," are rich and brilliant, though not gorgeously over-coloured. The distant marble court, with its graceful vegetation, and decayed columns, bespeaking the desolation of a hundred years, together with the "long avenue," are full of clever effect, and judicious relief to the quiescent interior. Already much sportive criticism has appeared upon this picture; but, making allowance for the artist's peculiar defects, as hardness of drawing, and chalkiness of colouring, (especially in the flesh,) we are disposed to rank "the Sleeping Beauty" high as a work of genius, displaying great originality of design, and elaborate ingenuity throughout the execution. No. 33, *An Irish Girl*, by the same artist, is likewise a pleasing picture, representing a young woman seated on the ground before a turf fire, consulting cards for her fortune.

134. *Beech trees near the statue, looking towards Windsor Castle*. J. Stark. A picturesque vignette, such as painters and poets must ever delight in commemorating. 134. *Cottage from Nature*. F. R. Lee, R.A.—is another locality, purely English, and charmingly painted. 201. *Devonshire Scenery*, by the same artist, is of kindred attraction. And, 181, *A Rocky Stream*, T. Creswick, belongs to the same interesting class of pictures.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

Mineral Teeth, their Merit and Manufacture. By Edwin Saunders, M.R.C.S.

This little work is one of the few, from amongst the multitude of treatises connected with Dental Surgery that are almost daily issuing from the press, which appears to be written with the simple end of giving information, in a popular form, upon a subject in which all are more or less interested, without merely serving the purpose of an advertisement to the author. Mr. Saunders has been previously before the public as a writer in a little work, which had an extensive circulation, *Five Minutes' Advice on the Teeth*; and the present brochure detracts nothing from his reputation;—on the contrary, it abounds with practical and interesting facts. As a legitimate member of a profession which has of late fallen too much into the hands of unprincipled quacks, his labours deserve an attentive perusal, which their low price will, doubtless, ensure them.

A Natural History of British and Foreign Quadrupeds. By J. H. Fennell.

(Concluded from page 287.)

The account of the Lion is characteristically interesting and copious. We can

only quote the following original anecdote: "I shall not soon forget the pitiable look of a sick lion, which I lately saw at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, a few days previous to its death, arising from a disease of the lungs and the liver. It was feeding time, and the leopards and tigers were growling over their meat as it was dealt out to them; but this noble patient was lying down exhausted, breathing hard, and quite indifferent to all that was passing around. The keeper approached, and addressing some words of compassion to the animal, flung a fine leg of mutton on the floor of the cage. The lion raised his head, and merely looked at the joint with an indifference that bespoke a loss of appetite; and then resting his head again on his paws, breathed audibly, as before, and gazed on the keeper with a composed but melancholy expression." There is something truly touching in this portrait of a sick lion, for he, like other sovereigns, has his divinity.

The illustrations quoted from Shakspeare are very numerous and well-timed, at a moment when so various are the readings, in consequence of the innumerable attempts at their reconciliation, that every reader is becoming his own Shakspeare. The different modes of spelling his name is becoming quite perplexing, so that we almost wish Sir Frederick Madden had left the "spere" to the dust of the British Museum, rather than have disturbed "the order of things," and set writers at variance upon a trifle. To return, Mr. Fennell is so charmed with Shakspeare's description of the Tiger, that he almost calls the poet a zoologist: his quotations are well made. By the way, Lord Byron ill-naturedly compared a man in a passion, walking up and down a room, to a tiger in his cage.

The account of the Jaguar is brief, but highly satisfactory. He is, we perceive, a very epicure; he rejoices in horses, oxen, sheep, capibaras, and dogs; he catches fish by spitting on the water to entice them to the surface; he will turn up a turtle on its back, and make a meal of it; and when once he has tasted human flesh, he will hunt for it again.

The economy of the Cat is well related. The cause of this poor creature being so inhumanly treated is not guessed at: we suspect it to be the association of the cat with witchcraft; for a cat was the *sine-quâ-non* of a witch. It is somewhat unfair towards Mr. Rennie, who says that he has known a cat travel from London to her home at Chatham, in Kent, a distance of thirty miles—to add, that "most people can relate similar incidents."

The economical uses of the several animals are well described. For example: "a vast number of walruses are annually killed for the sake of their hide, tusks, and the oil

obtainable from their fat. When the animal is killed, it is skinned, and the hide, which is of extraordinary thickness, is then cut into strips, two or three inches broad. These strips are imported to America, and after undergoing the usual process, form superior carriage traces and braces. The hide is also occasionally used as matting to protect the masts of vessels, and to make fire-buckets. The smaller pieces of the hide are imported into England, to supply the glue manufactories. The coat of fat, which lies under the hide, is melted into oil, of which each walrus produces, on an average, nearly two barrels. The tusks, the ivory of which is whiter, harder, and therefore more valuable than that of the elephant, weigh from ten to twelve pounds each, and are much used by dentists in making artificial teeth."

The remarks by Mr. Ogilby, quoted in the opening of the Marsupialia details, are excellent, though somewhat lengthy, but perhaps, not disproportionate to their interest—when "these anomalous creatures (*Marsupialia*) are considered with reference to New Holland—a country whose natural productions, including its plants as well as its animals, are mostly so peculiar, that more than one writer has been induced to think it was formerly a planet distinct from our own earth." The greater Kangaroo produces only a single offspring at a birth, which does not exceed one inch two lines from the nose to the end of the tail. Very justly has Mr. Ogilby declared the most singular and important of the physical phenomena, connected with the natural economy of Marsupial animals to be this premature production of the young, brought forth in a scarcely organized form, containing, as it were, the mere germ of the future animal, before its senses are perfected, or its members developed.

The Gatherer.

Popular Actors.—If it be difficult to win public favour, in ever so small a degree, it is a thousand times more difficult to retain that favour for any length of time. When once an actor is stamped as a man of talent by the critics of the pit, he becomes the servant, nay, the very slave, not merely of their amusements, but of their whims and caprices.

Mehemet Ali lives in great splendour and magnificence: his table is regularly served by French cooks, and champagne his constant favourite beverage. His son Ibrahim bought the state carriage of Charles X., when it was put up to sale in Paris; and had another built for his own use, with harness for six horses, covered with gold and trappings, which cost the large sum of 3000 guineas.

The Cowslip, or *Ragle*, as it is called in some places, is now in full flower, and in most meadows is very numerous. Botanists are not agreed as to the distinctness of the species. Dr. Forster considers primroses, polyanthus, cowslips, and oxlips to be only varieties of the same plant; and that some varieties have become more fixed and lasting than others. Shakspeare thus accurately describes this plant:

"Let Cowslips her tall pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies fair favours,
In those freckles live their savours;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

Milton contrasts

"The yellow cowslip with the pale primrose."

He also says, when scattering flowers on the urn of Lycidas:

"Bring cowslips that hang the pensive head."

In *Comus*, too, he speaks of the cowslip that bends not as the nymph Sabrina trends on it. Cowslip-wine is well made in many parts of England, and is said by Pope to induce sleep: who does not remember the cowslip-wine made by the Vicar of Wakefield's wife?

Gigantic Grass.—On the banks of the Indus, a reedy grass attains the height of twelve and eighteen feet, and is often so dense that it is difficult to force a path through it. The plant has a graceful stalk, often three-eighths of an inch in diameter, from the top of which droops a fringe resembling a feather,

Satire.—It is an error to suppose that those who indulge in cutting sarcasms are shunned: on the contrary, they are well received, and even courted. In society, they perform the office of the shepherd's dog, biting all who stray beyond the right boundary, and acting like a police for the correction of folly and vanity.—*M. Fleury*.

New Park.—Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests are about to complete the contract for the sale of York House, and to apply the money arising therefrom, (being a part of the land revenue of the crown,) towards providing a royal park near to Bonner's Fields and Old Ford Lane, in the eastern part of the metropolis, to be called *Victoria Park*.

Cuckoo Proverbs.—

In April the cuckoo shew his bill.
In May he sing night and day.
In June he change his tune.
In July away he fly.
In August away he must.
The children wandering in the wood
To pull the flowers gay,
Startle thy curious voice to hear,
And imitate thy lay.

Spring Showers.—Dr. Forster notes, in his very entertaining and instructive *Circle of the Seasons*, under April 22: "The nights

are often cold, and the clear northerly and eastern winds that so often prevail are occasionally exchanged for rapid showers of rain and hail, with western gales. The great power of this last sort of weather over vegetation is very remarkable. The highly electrified showers of spring seem to produce the most rapid germination, and it is probable that the advance of vegetable life is principally owing to electrical causes."

Meleager's Elegy on Heliodora:

Where is she? where the blooming bough
That once my life's sole lustre made?
Torn off by death, 'tis withering now—
And all its flow'rs in dust are laid.—*Moore*.

Portraits.—The Chevalier Richard devoted many years to the collection of portraits: whether a picture was well or ill executed mattered not to the chevalier; all he wanted was a transcript of the features of persons who had played distinguished parts in the world, and had rendered themselves remarkable, no matter how. The walls of his rooms were literally covered with portraits, from the ceiling to the floor. After his death, the stalls on the bridges and quays of Paris were covered with them for more than two months. They were sold by the heap, like apples or pears.

The Times Newspaper.—Assuming there to have been sold on one day 20,000 of *The Times* and Supplement, the paper used for printing the same would have covered eleven acres and three poles of land. Each column of letter-press alone, independent of the margin, measured 1 ft. 2½ in.; and taking 96 columns, the letter-press of every number amounted to 116 feet; so that, on the whole assumed number of 20,000 copies, the length of letter-press in the columns would have extended 440 miles.—*Times Corresp.*

Talleyrand.—A noble French exile, then in America, was one day passing a little shop in Philadelphia, when, observing a man with his shirt-sleeves rolled up his arms, grinding coffee, whose resemblance to the ex-bishop of Autun was very striking, the former entered the pigmy shop, where he found the veritable Simon Pure keeping a small grocer's shop, and making a living that way. "I pity, indeed, I pity you," said the Duke de R—. "I pity you," replied Talleyrand, "that your soul should be reduced, or not to be superior, to such a state of feeling. For my part, I have long since brought my feelings and mind into such tranquillity of thought and action, that I can turn a coffee-mill or an empire with equal composure."

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